The Noble

INGRATITUDE.

A

Paſtoral-Tragi-Comedy.

By Sir *William Lower* Knight.

Amico Roſa, Inimico Spina.

LONDON:
Printed for *Fr. Kirkman* at the *John Fletchers* Head over againſt the *Angel-Inn* on the backſide of St. *Clements* without *Temple-Bar*,
1661.

To her

MAJESTY

THE

QUEEN

OF

BOHEMIA.

MADAM,

Were I not fully perswaded that this Dramatick Piece in the Original is one of the best that

that hath been presented upon the French Stage, I should not have presumed to offer the Copy to the best of Queens, and indeed the most Juditious of Women: If I have failed in my judgment of the Authours work, I am indisputably right in the Character of my Patroness: Your Majesties goodness in pardoning this presumption, and in approving the Plot and Language of the Play in my Version, hath

hath begotten this further ambition in me, to publish it under the favour of your Royall protection, which will secure it indubitably from the malevolent censures of any ignorant, arrogant, or malignant person whatsoever. If in the intervals of your high contemplations your serious thoughts shall descend to divert them a little, as before, so now after the Dedication and Impression,

preſſion, in reading thoſe Sceanes, I muſt ever eſteem it an unparalel'd honour to me, who am,

MADAM,

Your Majeſties moſt humble, moſt obedient, and moſt faithfull Servant

William Lower.

PROLOGUE.

BEfore I enter'd, I vvas tould vvhat nevv
I see decypher'd upon every brevv;
A ſullen ſadnes, and cloſe murmurs ſay,
,, The Title is enough to damn the Play
,, The Bill condemns before the Action, Tex
,, Vpon the Poet vvith his Paradox,
,, Noble Ingratitude, o barbarous ſound!
,, Vertue vvill die to ſee that Monſter crovvn'd:
Strange voices theſe, ſtrange cenſures from the vvits,
For ſuch he takes you, every one that ſits
Spectatour here uſurps a priviledge,
VVhich is unjuſt, before he hears, to judge.
VViſe, and juſt Iuries, vvho in every cauſe
Strictly obſerve the cuſtom of the Lavvs,
The bottome ſound, and ne'r their verdicts bring
Vpon the ſuperficies of a thing;
They vveigh the ground of matters vvell, and ne'r
Proceed to ſentence till they ſee all cleer;
Have patience then a little, and ſuſpend
Your judgments till you ſee us at the end
Of the fifth Act; three hours vvill ſoon be paſt,
In Sceans and Songs the minutes fly too faſt;
Then if vve do'nt maintain our Paradox,
Let me be sham'd, and ſit three hours i'th' ſtocks
For punishing your patience; if the crime
Deſerves more r'gour, let a longer time
Of penance be preſcrib'd me there; but I
Hope from your judgments, juſtice, clemency,
A nobler ſentence, and that you'll allovv
Me next a Lavvrell vvreath to crovvn my brevv.

ACTORS.

ZELINDA, Daughter to Lindarache, disguised like a man under the name of Ormin, in the habit of a Slave.

ZEGRY, Master to Zelinda, and Lover of Fatima.

ALABEZ, Second Slave to Zegry.

CHARIFA, Woman-Slave to Fatima.

FATIMA, Mistresse to Zegry, and in Love with Adibar.

ABENCERAGE, under the name of Almansor, Brother to Zelinda.

ZAIDA, Sister to Zegry.

MEDINA, Woman-Slave to Zaida.

ADIBAR, Lover of Zaida.

GAZVL, Slave to Abencerage.

GOMELLA, Father to Fatima.

LINDARACHE, Mother to Zelinda, and to Abencerage.

The Scene is in the Forrest of Argier.

THE

THE NOBLE INGRATITVDE.

A Tragi-Comedy.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.

ORMIN alone.

CHarming aboad, delightfull solitude,
Fair places where I first receiv'd my life
And love, old trees, cleer brooks, whose shade and murmur
Speak pity for my sorrowfull adventure,
Sweet Zephirs, Eccho, rocks, and silent forrests,

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

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,, The Title is enough to damn the Play
,, The Bill condemns before the Action, Tex
,, Vpon the Poet vvith his Paradox,
,, Noble Ingratitude, o barbarous sound!
,, Vertue vvill die to see that Monster crovvn'd:
Strange voices these, strange censures from the vvits,
For such he takes you, every one that sits
Spectatour here usurps a priviledge,
VVhich is unjust, before he hears, to judge.
VVise, and just Iuries, vvho in every cause
Strictly observe the custom of the Lavvs,
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Vpon the superficies of a thing;
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Proceed to sentence till they see all cleer;
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And love, old trees, cleer brooks, whose shade and murmur
Speak pity for my sorrowfull adventure,
Sweet Zephirs, Eccho, rocks, and silent forrests,

Be witneſſes all of my ſecret griefs:
I am no more now that *Zelinda* ſometime
Adored by the worthieſt Lovers of
The country round about; alas! I ſerve
Vnder the habit of a Slave, a traitor
With an unparraleld'd fidelity,
Traitor in Love, I meane, not otherwiſe.
A Hero, but ingratefull, one who flatters me
In my extream misfortune, yet would hate me,
If he knew that I Love him. Gentle trees,
Happy are you, although the rigourous winter
Vſeth you hardly, for when the fair Spring
Maketh the cold to ceaſe, you ſuddenly
Reſume your anciét verdure, and at harveſt.
Vpon your branches wee ſee fruits, where formerly
Hung Iſicles: my fortune's not ſo good;
Each of the ſeaſons have twice chaung'd, ſince Love
Reſolved to afflict me, all which time
I've languiſhed continually, and could not
Pretend to the repoſe my heart hath loſt:
He whom I love with ſo much conſtancy
Is falſe and fleeting; o Gods! here he comes.

SCENE. II.

ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

Ormin, I ſought thee.

OR-

ORMIN.

Sir, I ſought you alſo.

ZEGRY.

Know that to morrow we will depart hence.

ORMIN.

What! will you leave ſo ſoon your native country,
Theſe cottages, theſe woods and theſe fair meadows?

ZEGRY.

I have not hid from thee that in thoſe places
I love the ſweet *Fatima*, a rich Maſter-peice
Of Heaven, and hop'd to ſee that Beauty here
So cherish'd and ador'd; but I have learn'd
That ſhe is now at *Tunis* with her Father;
And though this happy reſidence may be ſaid
To be a ſecond Paradiſe, I cannot
See any fair thing here, ſince ſhe is abſent.

ORMIN.

How happy is *Fatima*, and how miſerable
Am I! -- *aſide.*

ZEGRY.

How grievous is her abſence to
My amourous ſoul! to render me by her,
To morrow by the break of day we'll take
Our way for *Tunis*, I ſhall be too happy,
If I may ſee her, and I do believe
That ſhe will bear ſome part too in my joy;
She had no little trouble, I perceiv'd,

For my departure last, and without doubt
I'm not indifferent to her.

ORMIN.

Certainly
Her flame will not be quench'd.

ZEGRY.

That 's all my hope.

ORMIN.

And that is all my feare ..... aside.

SCENE III.

ALABEZ, ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ALABEZ.

Cheer up, cheer up,
Smother your sighs, I have a counter poison
For all your sorrows.

ZEGRY.

Speak it then without
Holding us long in trouble.

ALABEZ.

Give me leave.
First, if you please, to take a little breath.

ZEGRY.

Speak then?

ALABEZ.

I'm not dispos'd yet.

ZEGRY.

Oh thou mak'st me.
Suffer too much? tell it unto us quickly.

ALABEZ.

You might die with it.

ZEGRY.

Is't then some misfortune
Sent me by destiny?

ALABEZ.

I say agiane.
You might die with it, but t'would be with joy;
Fatima yesterday late in the evening,
Arrived in these quarters.

ZEGRY.

Is it possible,
Fatima?

ALABEZ.

Yes, assure you, I have seen her.

ZEGRY.

Perhaps thou art deceiv'd.

ALABEZ.

I am no asse.
I did observe her well, and knew her perfectly.
Her Slave, who was my Mistresse formerly,
Entered just now with her into that wood.

ZEGRY.

Good Gods? do I not see her?

ALABEZ.

Yes, that's she
Which passeth by.

ZEGRY.

What lustre hath her eye,
What grace her gate?

ORMIN.

Alas?

ZEGRY.

I see a thousand new charms there.

ALABEZ.

Are you besotted? wil you not salute her?

ZEGRY.

No, to perform that complement, I'le give her

A visit, when I shall have without doubt
My soul lesse in disorder.

ALABEZ.

For my part,
Who do not love so daintily, I will,
Without deferring it, make my addresse.

ZEGRY.

Without discovering our selves, we may
From hence know by the usage of the servant,
In what esteem the Master is at present.

SCENE IV.

ALABEZ, CHARIFA, FATIMA, ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ALABEZ.

Sweet Beauties welcome, from what quarters come you?

CHARIFA.

What means this insolent? Go on your way

ALABEZ.

How's this? instead of kisses and embraces,
As I expected, I am quarrel'd with:
Charifa, whence this change?

CHARIFA.

Begone, and leave us.

Thou

ALABEZ.

Thou acteſt well the ſcornfull.

FATIMA.

What's that fellow
Which followes us?

CHARIFA.

Tis an impertinent,
Whom I know not.

ALABEZ.

I am much changed then
Since this laſt voyage; but thy ſoul is chang'd
And not my viſage, without doubt thy Miſtreſſe
Hath better eyes, and more wit; ſhe will know
An old, and a familiar acquaintance.

FATIMA.

who are you then?

ALABEZ.

My Maſters Slave.

FATIMA.

What Maſter?

ALABEZ.

Should you not know him neither?
Is his name raz'd out of your memory?

FATIMA.

Aſſuredly, *Charifa*, this man's mad.

ALABEZ.

How, Madam, is it poſſible you can
Forget the valiant *Zegry*?

FATIMA.

Zegry?

ZEGRY.

Heaven?
What strange inconstancy is this? who ever
Could have imagin'd it? -- --.-- aside.

ALABEZ.

That noble and illustrious successour
Of those brave warriers who even in Spain
Have gathered Lawrells, and brought home faire spoils,
Madam, your faithfull Lover, Zaida's brother.

FATIMA.

Oh! I remember him.

ZEGRY.

False, and Ingratefull!

ALABEZ.

You ask not how he doth.

FATIMA.

What interest
Have I in his sweet person? happily
He's dead.

ALABEZ.

He is indeed.

FATIMA.

We are all mortall;
The Prophet hath his soul.

CHARIFA.

A faithfull servant
Would have accompanied his Master; why
Art thou not dead too?

ALABEZ.

Only to enrage thee.

Zegry discovering himself.

ZEGRY.

The Prophet hath his soul, O false Fatima!
Is't thus you do expresse your goodness to me?
Deceitfull object, my return, I see,
Displeaseth you, who would despise me dead,
Must hate me living. I disturb with pleasure
That faithless joy which the delightfull news
Of my feign'd death procur'd you: I live still
Ingratefull, but I live no more for you:
My passion is transform'd all into fury:
As much as I lov'd you, I now despise you:
My heart shakes off so rigourous a yoak:
Love raiseth no more sighs, nor fires within me,
Only I sigh that I us'd so much care
To please you, and if I burn yet, it is
With anger, not with love.

ORMIN.

Oh this successe
Answereth my wishes fully? ------ aside.

FATIMA.

This confession
Surpriseth, but no way afflicteth me;

My

My first discourse should make you under-
stand
That I'm not very tender hearted to you,
And, me thinks, after such a cleer con-
tempt
As was expressed there you might believe
Nothing should trouble me that comes
from you,
Vnless your amourous addresse: I have
A thousand other Lovers braver far
Then you, and therefore I daign not to
put you
In the rank of my conquests.

ZEGRY.

Sure, your pride
Is greater then your beauty, the charm is
Dissolv'd wherein I formerly was held;
Tis true, I sometime thought you beauti-
full;
But I was amourous, and therefore not
To be believed, having now my spirit
No more disordered, you cease to be fair
And I to be abused, whereas you
Pleased me formerly, it was because
It is impossible for me, when I
Am lov'd, to be insensible.

FATIMA.

I love you?
Heaven! what a strange opinion is this?

I ne-

I never had but ſtrong averſion for you.
All your indeavours ſerv'd but to diſpleaſe me;
But though I hated you, I lov'd your Siſter,
And t was for her ſake that I feign'd to have
Some pitty for your paſſions; her prayer
A hundred times reſtain'd my hate, you ſware
That your daies did depend upon my ſighe,
And yeelding unto her deſires I did
Enforce mine eyes to ſmile, when my heart frown'd,
To the end not to be cauſe of your death.

ZEGRY.

Your eyes have never made a mortall wound.

FATIMA.

Take heed that your do not revive again,
One Only of my looks darted more gently,
Can change this violent anger into love;
But I am verie nice of ſuch a look,
It is too rich a price, Sir, for your conqueſt
I limit my deſires to ſee you never,
Adieu, become wiſe, and leave me in peace.
---- Exit *Fatima*.

SCENE

SCENE. V.

ZEGRY, ALABEZ, ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

YEs falſe Fatima, I will become wiſe,
Thy contempt is unjuſt, but mine is lawfull:
Since thou pretendeſt but to make thee hated,
I will obey thee, thy unworthy trophy,
My heart shal be no more, his charmes are broken,
His flames are quench'd; Alabez, follow her
Cloſe at the heels, even unto her houſe;
But have a care not to diſcover thee.

ORMIN.

Her pride's unjuſt, and not to be endur'd;
Your change herein is but too equitable.
O how wel should you do to free your heart
From the imperious captivity
Of ſuch a cruel conquerour, you are
Born with too many fair advantages,
To obtain nothing but eternall wrongs;
There are Sir, other beauties in the world
Which would be glad to share their flame with yours,
To imitate your ſighs, and which would tell you
That the reſplendent honour of a crown
Is beneath that to be beloved of
An object that one loves. Contempt in love
Deſerves to be repayed with contempt,

And

And who refuseth, is not worthy of,
For the most part, the person that's refus'd.

ZEGRY.

How great my griefs are, and how grievous is
This proud contempt? o light, and wavering Sex!
O black ingratitude! since love began
To trouble Lovers, was there ever torment
Equall to mine? I feel my heart infected
With all imaginary griefs.

ORMIN.

Oh? Sir,
Believe me, I know some that are much more
To be lamented, and if what I know
Were reveald to you, you should have great cause
Of comfort by it.

ZEGRY.

Oh speak, and divert
The grief which doth oppresse me. oftentimes
A wretch is pleased in his misery
When he sees that he suffers not alone.

ORMIN.

O love, I pray thee make his heart grow tender
At the recitall of the evill which he
Hath caused me, oh make him Sensible
Of my sad sufferings?..... a side.
A young Beauty, Sir,
Whose name and birth, if you please I'l conceal
Through decency, only thus much I'l tell you,

That

That she was neer to me and lov'd me deerly,
Scarce yet attained to the fifteenth yeer,
When love and marriage was proposed to her,
And she commanded to expect for husband
A man too lovely, and to much belov'd;
And who for his part was so farre from being
Warm d with a mutuall flame, that he unlawfully
Took an affection for another object:
His faithfull Lover with grief understood it
But yet a worse misfortune afterward
Surprised her, th' ingratefull brak th' accord
Of the approaching marriage, and departed
For a long voyage without seeing her;
I can assure you that her grief was quick,
And anger ardent after this affront;
But yet her anger was lesse then her love:
Although, th' inconstant left her, she retain'd him
Still in her soul, and valuing not her sex,
Nor fearing death, i th' habit of a man
She followed his steps.

Zegry meditating

ZEGRY.

O barbarous rigour!
O lamentable passion!

ORMIN.

You will be
More touch'd when you shall know the
rest: scarce was she
Embarked on the sea, when by a new,
And worse misfortune certain infamous rovers
Surpris'd her vessel, and not long time
after
They sould her unto that ingratefull
man,
Who falsly and unworthily forsook her:
And so at last it hapened that Fortune
Aswell as Love would put her into chains:
But she still without changing heart, or
habit,
Found sweetnes in this double slavery;
Far from desiring to be free, she follow'd
Her faithles friend into his native country,
And fearing not to be discovered,
Serv'd this deceitfull Master without
hope,
Indeavoured to please him, and therein
Prosper'd so well, that he esteem'd her
zeal,
And conceal'd nothing from her; but this
kindnes
Was not a cure, but corsive to her grief,
Because it made her privy to the happines
Her Rivall did enjoy in the affection

Of him she lov'd, who every day protested
Vnto her, that rather then lose her love,
He'd lose his life.

Zegry still meditating.

ZEGRY.

Vnparalel'd punishment!
Cruell injustice!

ORMIN.

Gods! he groweth tender,
Love be propitious to me, ... aside.
Sir, what say you,
Is not she more then you to be lamented?
Compared to her torments, your afflictions
Are sweet. You answer not.

ZEGRY.

Yes, yes, I grant it
I ought to hate her, but I've too much
weaknes:
Oh fair Fatima!

ORMIN.

Oh my hard misfortune!

ZEGRY.

Ormin, what charms she hath?

ORMIN.

You answer nothing
To what I said.

ZEGRY.

What spak'st thou to me of?

ORMIN.

Of a young maid
Oppress'd and injured in love.

ZEGRY.

My thoughts
Were otherwise imploy'd, and troubled,
I heard

I heard thee not, at leaſt I have forgotten.

ORMIN.

You ſeemed to compaſſionate her grief,
And her misfortune very much.

ZEGRY.

Alas!
I onely thought upon my proper grief.

ORMIN.

What! ſhall th'ingratefull and cruel Fatima
Although ſhe quits your heart thus, have the glory
To live ſtill in your memory? oh no,
Banish her thence; but if you'l think of her,
To eaſe your evills a little, imploy your thought
Onely to think of her defects; remember
That she's too proud, and fancy to your ſelf
That she's not fair enough, to hould ſo noble
And ſuch a faithfull Lover as you are,
That there is nothing charming in her eyes,
Nor in her cheeks, that her proportion,
Her poſture, ſtature, gate, and carriage
Have nothing commendable, that her witt ....

ZEGRY.

Ormin, no more, I cannot ſuffer yet
She ſhould be injur'd; that ingrateful Beauty,
Who laughs with ſcorn at my ſad languiſhment,
Hath no defect at all but her fierce rigour;

And

And I fear that in ſpight of this defect,
My violent love will triumph o'r mine anger.

ORMIN.

What, ſhall *Fatima* be ſo proud, and you
So humble? ſhall ſhe be compoſ'd of Ice,
And you of fire? muſt you perſiſt to love her,
When ſhe deſpiſeth you? oh fall no more
Into that fatall errour. It belongs, Sir
But to low ſpirits to ſuffer without hate,
Such a contempt; to leave what flyeth us,
Is little trouble, and when hope is quench'd,
Love ſhould be quenched alſo.

ZEGRI.

What thou ſayſt,
Ormin, is verie true, I ſhould indeed
Follow *Fatima* in her lightnes to me,
I ſhould in her unkindnes trace her ſteps,
I ſhould be as inſenſible as ſhe's
Severe and rigourous, my flam'es an errour,
I doe confeſſe it, but I love this errour,
Thy faithfull counſels are not ſeaſonable,
Love hath not yet given place unto my reaſon,
I'm born to languish, and to die for her;
Although ſhe be ingratefull ſhe is not
The leſſe faire for it.

ORMIN.

The falſe hope that flatter'd me
Fled in a moment; miſerable Lover,
And too unjuſt! ——— aſide

SCENE

SCENE VI.

ALMANSOR, ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ALMANSOR.

FRiend, I am very joyfull
To meet thee.

ZEGRY.

My content is ſtill compleat,
When I behold thy face, as in thy abſence,
Nothing ſeems ſweet unto me: Now I ſee
Th'art habited like us, this garment it
Well made.

ALMANSOR.

I took it juſt now in th'apartment
I have in thy abode.

ZEGRY.

This Shepheards habit
Becomes thee rarely; but for an *Almanſor*,
It is too much abaſement.

ALMANSOR.

Sure the habit
Takes nothing from the luſtre of the merit,
In imitating thee, I cannot erre;
Thee, whoſe heart is as noble as thy race,
And unto whoſe aid in an eminent danger
I owe my life.

ZEGRY.

The Shepheards of this wood
And fair Campania, are deſcended from
Thoſe Heros, who in time paſt'd conquer'd Spain
From thoſe renowned Moors, whoſe great exploits
Made the Kings of a hundred Chriſtian people

Tremble for fear, and who ſeizing *Tunis* conquer'd
By *Charls the fifth*, conſerve here in theſe places
Their glory and their freedom, ſecretly
Diſpoſe the hearts of the moſt Zealous Kings
To drive the Chriſtiãs frõ this deſolate coũtry,
And are in readines to joyn themſelves,
And to encreaſe the firſt fair levies which
Shall be imploy'd on ſuch an expedition.

ALMANSOR.

I know that this fair deſert's like a Court:
But haſt thou heard yet that Gomella is
Return'd heer? ſuffer me at preſent, *Zegry*,
To leave thee, he is my familiar friend,
And I owe him a viſit.

ZEGRY.

Then thou know'ſt
Fatima.

ALMANSOR.

Yes, that Beauty hath receiv'd
The light from brave *Gomella*; friend adiew,
I will return to thee with ſpeed, excuſe me
At preſent, I muſt ſpeak with him upon
A buſines of importance.--- Exit *Almanſor*.

SCENE VII.

ZEGRY ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

A buſines of importance? oh that word
Redoubleth my affliction; to marry
Fatima, without doubt, is his deſign:
Oh Heavẽ! haſt thou ordain'd that, to make up
The full proportion of my miſery,

My

My dearest friéd should rob me of my Mistresse?
Alas! if this be true, grief, sure will kill me;
Dear *Ormin*, let us use our best indeavour
To hinder this misfortune; I expect
My only remedy from thy advise.
The most resplendent wit yeildeth to thine
In point of knowledge, *I* have observ'd in thee
Something thats great, and extraordinary;
Thy judgment charms me, and thy care surpriseth me.

ORMIN.

Sir, *I*'m your Slave, and glory to be so.

ZEGRY.

No, no, *I* make thee free, henceforth be thou
Thy Masters friend.

ORMIN.

The sweetest liberty
Pleaseth my fancy lesse then the chains which
I bear for you.

ZEGRY

This zeal so little common,
Makes me grow tender, and amazeth me.
Quit, quit thy fetters, *Ormin*, *I* commmand it,
Be free.

ORMIN

Since tis your pleasure, *I* obey;
Alas! what have *I* said, Love, can *I* be
At liberty, when my heart is not free?

The end of the first Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

FATIMA, ZAIDA, CHARIFA, MEDINA.

FATIMA.

ENter again, sweet Zaida, ceremony
Between us should be banish'd, wherefore will you
Trouble your self unnecessarily?

ZAIDA.

Since you will have it so, I'l go no further.

FATIMA.

I may assure my self then ere we part,
That *Adibar* shall have no free admittance
To your society, I have already
Told you, that formerly he loved me;
But now I know that you give laws to him
And I have cause to hope that, if you scorn him,
He may return unto his first subjection.

ZAIDA.

Fatima, be assur'd that he shall be
Repuls'd, his love will be but troublesome;
But if you love me, forget not to feign
Some kindnes for my brother; I beseech you
For my sake give him cause to hope a little.

FATIMA.

Adieu, I promise you that at next meeting
I will receive him better. ... *Exit Fatima.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

ZAIDA, MEDINA.

ZAIDA.

WHat think'ſt thou
Of fair *Fatima*, and of her requeſt?

MEDINA.

I think that *Adibar* is not a perſon
To be deſpis'd.

ZAIDA.

True, but I am too proud
T'accept a heart that hath been conquered
By any other, and would now be mine
Trough an inconſtancie, but if I durſt
To love---

MEDINA.

Why ſtop you, Madam?

ZAIDA.

Oh *Medina*!
I muſt not ſpeak the reſt.

MEDINA.

But I divine it;
You are in love, and I have cauſe to judge
That it is with *Almanſor*, that fair ſtranger

ZAIDA.

Who, I in love with him?

MEDINA.

Why not, I pray you,
Is that a crime?

ZAIDA.

Oh do not name that love,
Which is no other but a fair eſteem.

MEDINA.

There is so little difference between
Esteem and love, that oftentimes we take them
One for the other, and are so deceiv'd.

ZAIDA.

I cannot but remember that my brother
In his last voyage did conclude my marriage
In *Argier*, that he who's design'd to be
My husband, is heer shortly to arrive,
And that my heart ought to reserve it self
Wholy for him. Besides in thy opinion.
Would it not argue a great weaknes in me
To love this stranger, though my brothers friend.
Who hath not been above a moneth among us
And whose desert as yet's unknown unto me?

MEDINA.

Seeing this Stranger, who's not of the vulgar,
Deserves to be caressed of your brother,
There's reason to believe that he deserves
To be your Lover, and I can't conceive
Why your mouth will conceal the flame which is
So cleerly for him in your eyes and countenance.
As often as he commeth with your brother
To visit you, your looks seem to be fix'd
Wholy one him, and at the same time also
I observ'd often that the stranger ey'd you
With the same ardour.

ZAIDA.

Prethee, speak in earnest,
Did'st see him to behold me oftentimes?

MEDINA.

You ask it me with very much impressement:
I do believe in lesse time then an howr,
That you have question'd me upon this point

More

More then a hundred times; your curiosity
Gives me a full assurance that his looks
Displease you not, nor wound your modest /

ZAIDA.

Alas! can one in justice be offended,
To be belov'd?

MEDINA.

If his love pleaseth you, I think his person
Will please you equally.

ZAIDA.

I consider him
Without interpreter; but perhaps, he loves
Elsewhere, and I may be unpleasing to him.

MEDINA.

Madam, although you fain would cover it,
This fond suspition publisheth your flame,
Iealousy alwaies is daughter of love.

ZAIDA.

vvould it pleas'd Heaven, that he were free, and that
He thought me fair, But I see him come forth
Gomella's house, I'l satisfy my self
In sounding of his soul, upon this bank
I will repose my self, and feign to sleep.

MEDINA.

VVhat's your design? I cannot comprehend it.

ZAIDA.

VVithdraw, anon thou't understand it better.

SCENE III.

ALMANSOR ZAIDA.

ALMANSOR.

Gomella is expecting his return

In visit, heer I may conveniently
Dream of my new love: Heaven! do I not see
Vnder that flourishing shade the beautious
subject
Of my sad sufferings? Love in this encounter
Seemeth to flatter me sufficiently;
It is the lovely *Zaida* without doubt:
How sweetly, and with what tranquility
Doth that fair one repose, whil'st wretched I
Languish with the disease which she procures
Surely she cannot hear me now, I may (me?
Speak at this present unto her of love,
And not offend her; but alas! the rigour
Of my sad destiny is great, when I
Presume to speak, I fear that she may hear me.
You that have taught me the true use of sighs,
Dear object of my joy and of my griefs;
Suffer my amorous and silent soul
T'expresse its secret passion before you,
And to complain heer of a thousand evills
Which you have made me suffer, yet unkrown
Vnto your self: and you resplendent sources
Of all my fires, from whence I have deriv'd
Such violent heats, fair charming eyes, the au-
thors
Of my captivity, enjoy the rest,
Which your have taken from me: If I see
The poppies which shut up your lids, be not
Offended that you lose your lights, the Sun
Is subject to the same eclipse, and can
No more then you, dispense himself thereof.

Zaida feigning her self in a dream

ZAID. *Almanzor.*

ALM. Sure, she dreams.

ZAIDA.

Oh! rigourous torment!

To burn, to languish, and not dare to speak it,
Alas!

ALMANSOR.

O Heaven! what heare I?

ZAIDA

We resent
One and the same heat.

ALMANSOR.

Oh! that it were true!

ZAIDA.

My modesty, excuse me.

ALMANSOR.

O favourable sleep!

ZAIDA.

Cruel constraints!
When shal we be content, when shal our plaints
Have end?

ALMANSOR.

In this great extasie of joy,
All my respects are vain; to give her thanks
I'l kisse her fair hands.--- *He kisseth her hands.*

ZAIDA.

Hold, insolent; whence doth proceed this boldnes? --- *feigning to awake.*

ALMANSOR.

What have I done? --- *aside.*
I came to give you thanks.

ZAIDA.

For what?

ALMANSOR.

Tis for your goodnes.

ZAIDA.

How, I know not:
I'm sure I never gave you any matter
For this acknowledgment, who ever will

Conſule th' apparence of the thing, ſhal find
That I have much indifference for you;
But though I had leſſe, was it fit to trouble
My reſt, in making your acknowledgement?

ALMANZOR.

Excuſe my tranſport, beautious Shepheardeſſe,
If I had leſſe lov'd, I had been leſſe guilty;
In this occaſion a Wary Lover
Would have expreſſed little love in shewing
Too much reſpect; and whatſoer my crime be,
It would be pardoned, if you ſlept ſtil;
But, alas! my good fortune is ſoon chang'd,
I find that you awake but to afflict me,
Your eyes in taking unto them again
Their grace and luſtre, take unto them alſo
At the ſame time their uſual cruelty.
And that moſt charming hope which I ſo little
Enjoyed, vanish'd with your ſleep.

ZAIDA.

This is
An ill expreſſion of your ſelf, that word
Of hope gives me aſtonishment, I never
Gave it, nor took it yet from any perſon.

ALMANZOR.

If I might dare to credit your diſcourſe,
At leaſt you had not an averſion for me,
Nothing would be equall to my good fortune,
You would not find my preſence troubleſo-
me,
I ſhould be uſed better, I ſhould be
Eſteem'd and poſſibly----

ZAIDA.

Proceed.

ALMANZOR.

I might be
Belov'd.

ZAIDA.

Belov'd ! of whom ; if you magine
Of me, you are miſtaken.

ALMAZOR.

Notwithſtanding
You honored me ſo much to tell me ſo :
If I may but believe your voice, I have
Place in your heart, you are my witneſſe and
My judge both at one time ; oh diſavow not
That favorable ſentence, that fair Oracle
Proceding from an adorable mouth,
Thoſe words ſo full of charms pronounc'd in
ſleep,
Which promiſed me bleſſings ſoſoon vaniſh'd

ZAIDA.

I dreamt, *Almanſor*, and you are not ignorant
That a dream oftentimes is a deceiver,
And ſtil a lie.

ALMANSOR.

True, a dream is my glory ;
But I have paſſions which are real truths,
The flame with in mine eyes hath appear'd to
you
Too cleer, to be concealed, and the coldnes
Which you expreſſe unto me, quencheth not
My love, altbough it ruineth my hope.

ZAIDA.

This love comes very late, and really
I'm troubled at it, you know wel that I
Am otherwiſe engag'd.

ALMANSOR.

Alas ! I cannot
Deny but I have heard ſay that a Lover
Favoured of Heaven is to come shortly heer
To take you from mine eyes, I know you love
him

Before

Before you see him, therefore I'le not trouble
Your pleasures, nor his joy: how great soever
His happines be; I do intend to suffer it
Without complaining of you, but withall
I doe intend to die. As soon as you
Shall depart hence upon the fatal voyage
Ordained, where your happy mariage
Must be accomplish'd, Know, at the same time,
That you shall see me in my griefs excesse
Depart to go unto the grave, where those
Remains of fire which sparkle in my bosom,
After my death shall still yet warm my ashes.
ZAID: Fortune doth ow you, Sir, a happier lot
ALM: My good or evill lot depends on you.
All other favours would be troublesome:
Lastly I do adore you, and not fortune.

ZAIDA.

What expect you from me in the condition
Wherein I am?

ALMANSOR.

Immortall heats and torments;
I still must love without hope to be loved.

ZAIDA.

Who loves much, may hope to be loved likewise.

ALMANSOR.

What may I hope one day for better usage?

ZAIDA.

Consult with your fidelity upon it.

ALM: Your soul appeareth too insensible
To love.

ZAID: A constant Lover may do much;
The first refusal ought not to astonish
Any one that hath love enough to give it.

ALMANSOR.

Oh this is plain enough to my glad sense!

ZAI-

ZAIDA.

The blood ſtrikes up unto my brow; alas!
I've ſaid too much, and now I blush for shame
on't.

ALM: This glorious confeſſion rendereth me
Too happy and content.

ZAID: Dreams ſometimes are not
Without effect; but the Sun hath already
Finished his career, let us go in
Yet further to diſcourſe upon this matter
I fear that troubleſome.

SCENE IV.

ADIBAR, ZAIDA, ALMANSOR,

ADIBAR.

Without too much ambition may I hope
The honour to take you by the fair hand
The one is free, may I preſume to kiſſe it?

ZAIDA.

I have no need, Sir, of your ſervices.

ADIBAR.

They may be worth a Strangers, notwithſtanding
Your ſcorn of me.

ZAIDA.

In thinking to oblige me,
You may diſpleaſe me, by this odd expreſſion.

ADIBAR.

The Prophet, who knows how I reverence you,
Knows alſo how far forth I fear your anger,
And the cares which I take, should well aſſure you,
That I come heer but for to honour you:

May

May I aside declare a secret to you?
Of some importance?

ZAIDA.

Nothing is so important
As decency, which in th' opinion
Of every one, allowes we not the Liberty
To hear the secrets of such as you are.

ADIBAR.

I desire nothing of you what another
Doth not obtain

ZAIDA.

His discourse pleaseth me,
And yours I hate.

ALMANSOR.

You take an unfit time
To tell your secrets, to the indiscreet
Love seldome is propitious; th incivility
Which your pride doth expresse, is an ill meas
To gain esteem.

ADIBAR.

I am not heer to take
Lessons from you.

ALMANSOR.

I give them to your equals
To all intents and purposes.

ADIBAR.

This passion.
Which carries you away, convicteth you,
And doth excuse me of the incivility
Wherewith your errour charged me; a man
Better instructed, to avoid suspition,
Would have retir'd himself out of respect;
You are too grosse; but as you are a Stranger,
I ought to bear a little with your ignorance.

ZAIDA.

You have the faults which you cõdemn in him;

This

This Stranger doth oblige me, and you trouble me.

ADIBAR.

Yet you should take away your hand from him - - to *Zaida*.

ALMANSOR.

If she should do it, you would be in danger.

ADIBAR.

In quitting her, you might run to your death.

ALMNASOR.

I respect *Zaida*, you I do despise.

ADIBAR.

If by the same respect I were not stop'd,
In my revenge, your punishment should soon
Follow your insolence.

Zaida quitting, Almansors hand.

ZAIDA.

These hasty motions
Are sorry pastimes for me; by this violence
I know that neither of you doth respect me,
But both offend me.

ALMMANSOR.

Do you take
Your hand from me to answer his desires?
My Rivall will become too proud at this:
Should you affront me with design to please him?

ZAIDA.

By what right also am I bound to give
You satisfaction?

ADIBAR.

Madam, I beseech you,
Vse no constraint to your free inclination
In my behalf, I know which of us two
Pleaseth you best, I yeild to him in fortune,
And perhaps too in merit, his discourse
Is acceptable, mine is hatefull to you;

Of

Of this truth I cannot be ignorant;
Therefore to th'end *I* may not trouble you,
I will retire me, my respect for you
Is stronger then the jealousie, wherewith
My amourous soul is justly seised now,
And I will force all my resentiments for you.
Yea evé to hate my self, if you should hate me.
Let here my happy Rivall without trouble
Discourse with you, establish, if you please,
His happines at the expense of mine;
But take this into your consideration
That *Adibar*, who quits you with regret,
Though the least lov'd, is not the least discreet.

ZAIDA.

VVhere go you *Adibar*? come back again.

ADIBAR.

My absence will oblige you.

ZAIDA.

No, once more
I say come back again; if you esteem me,
You will return, to take away suspitions
Opposed to my glory, lend me, pray you,
Your hand, and lead me back. - - *he gives her his hand.*

ALMANSOR.

Oh'! *I* cannot
Suffer this cruell injury.

ZAIDA.

Almansor,
Stay *I* command you, on pain of my hate.

ALMANZOR.

Hear me a word or two.

ZAIDA.

I can 't be mov'd.
Reason *I* hear, and duty is my guide.

Exeunt Zaida and Adibar.

SCENE

SCENE V.

ALMANZOR.

What unexpected clap of thunder's this,
Which ruineth my joy thus with my hope?
Reason I hear, and duty is my guide;
My constancy, at these words giveth place
To my despair; *and duty is my guide*
No, cruell *Zaida* in following *Adibar*,
Tis Love that guides you: but what! I may be
Too rash in censuring her so; perhaps
She doth enforce herself in quitting me,
And doth prefer my Rivall here before me,
To take off all suspition of our love.
She loves, she loves me; oh! what say *I*, fool?
without doubt she hath left me through contempt.
Love, like to fickle Fortune is inconstant,
His Empire, doth resemble his who doth
Command the sea, where nothing is secure,
To day a calm, to morrow a sad storm,
And every minute, the most fortunate
Vpon that element, may fear a change.
Even in the Port, we often suffer Shipwrack:
These are sad truths, whereof *I* need not doubt:
But what maketh my Slave so hastily
T'addresse his steps unto me?

SCENE VI.

ALMANSOR, GAZUL.

ALMANZOR.

Hast thou found
Gomella?

Gazul

GAZVL.

Yes, Sir and I think that he
Advăceth heer with large steps to embrace you

ALMANSOR.

Tis that which my care should prevent.

GAZVL.

Must I
Withdraw whilst you discourse?

ALMANSOR.

Yes, and be sure
Thou fail not to prepare for me a consort
Of Musick.

GAZVL.

How! a consort, Sir, so late?

ALMANSOR.

Go quickly, and without reply.

SCENE VII.

GOMELLA, ALMANSOR.

GOMELLA.

Oh! Sir,
How glad am I to see you heer again?

ALMANSOR.

My joy in seeing you is no lesse great;
But speak we of my mother.

GOMELLA.

Stay her comming;
To morrow without fail she arrives here
Vnknown.

ALMANSOR.

Vnknown! and why dares she not to be seen?

GOMELLA.

The secret only you must know from her,

ALMANSOR.

Comes not my Sister?

GOMELLA.

You must not expect her.

ALMANSOR.

Where is her residence?

GOMELLA.

I cannot tell you.

ALMANSOR.

How's this, *Gomella*, what can I imagine
In the uncertainty wherein you leave me?
I am astonished at this proceeding;
Your obscure language is a cleer presage
Of a conceal'd misfortune: Oh! my Sister
Is dead, I need not doubt it.

GOMELLA.

Her death is not
The evill which should attrist you.

ALMANSOR.

What, is't then
Hapned vnto her?

GOMELLA.

No, but something worse.

ALMANSOR.

That word is not sufficient to cleer me:
Shall I not know why I receiv'd an order
To depart from *Tremisa* where I was
Brought up, to come with all speed to these quarters,
To addresse my self to you with confidence,
To change my true name of *Abencerage*
Into that of *Almansor*, and to have
A care not to reveale my family?

GOMELLA

Vpon this point I must shut up my mouth:
I'm not allowed to say more unto you.
It is you Mothers absolute injunction,
And request to me; have but patience

Vntill

Vntill to morrow, when you shal be satisfied
From her own mouth; but the Sun, *I* perceive,
Already groweth pale before the Moon.
Enter into my cot, and take with me
A poor repast.

ALMANSOR.

I doe desire to be
Dispens'd thereof now, if it pleaseth you.

GOMELLA.

VVhere will you go?

ALMANSOR.

Zegry expecteth me
On my engagement at his house to night.

GOMELLA.

Zegry, what say you, what charm doth oblige you
To answer so ill to *Abencerage* name,
To that debate, which for a thousand reasons
Is, between your two houses, as it were,
Hereditary?

ALMANSOR.

A far juster duty
Inviteth me to love him: but for *him*,
I'd lost my life in *Cairo*, treacherous enemies
Encompassed me round, and *had he* not
Succoured me speedily, *I* had been murthered:
His name, which I knew well without discovering
Mine own, disturb'd my new born amity;
But his goodnes for me, his cares, his kindnes,
Soon dissipated all those old resentements;
And so in order to the friendship which
Conjoined us, at last we came together
Into this country, where *I* was oblig'd
By the same frienship to lodge no where else
But at home with him.

Gom:

GOM: Oh Heaven! but proceed.

ALMANSOR.

You know his Sister: at first sight of her,
I was her servant: by a powerfull charm
VVhose art she only knows, her fair eyes paid
But one look for the purchase of my heart;
And if the God of marriage. --

GOMELLA.

Soft, hold there.
Take heed you flatter not your self with such
A fatall hope, destroy your passions,
Or you destroy your honour.

ALMANSOR.

How, my honour?

GOMELLA.

Yes, Sir, your honour, what! doth this discourse
Surprise and trouble you?

ALMANSOR.

I fear the name
Of an ingratefull person.

GOMELLA.

Fear that also
Of a low spirited one; these shamefull motiõs
Do wound your duty.

ALMANSOR.

May I not know how?

GOMELLA.

To morrow, when you see your Mother here,
You shall be satisfied, in the mean time,
Hate both the Sister, and the brother.

ALM: Hate them?
I who have been so much oblig'd unto them?
No, no, I swear --

GOM: Swear not but let us enter;
Your mind will change, when you have heard
th' adventure.

The end of the Second Act.

ACT III, SCENE I.

ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

THe night approacheth, it is time to put
This letter with my hope into thy hands:
Work on her Slave, and act discreetly, that
She take this diamond from thee, afterward
Use all the skill thou hast to know the secrets
Of her disdainfull Mistresse, and consider
That I expect at thy return to hear
The sentence of my life, or of my death.

ORMIN.

Cruell commandment, whereunto I see
My self reduc'd! --- *aside.*
One word, Sir, ere I go,
Think well upon it yet, what hope have you?
Your importunities will increase her anger,
And you should do much better, If I durst
To tell you so, henceforth to free your self
Of this unworthy Empire; as love is
The price of love, so hate should alwaies be
The recompense of hate, and of contempt.
Your soul's are too ill suited to unite,
Love loseth his power in Antipathies,
And tis an equall crime, Sir, in a contrary
Effect, to hate who Loves us, or to love
Who hates us.

ZEGRY.

Oh! speak no more on't unto me:
My evill's invincible, and my soul feels
Too sensibly the charms which doe destroy me;
To overcome my griefs, which have no equals

I seek some gentle succour, and not counsel,
My chain, alas! is too strong, and my heart
Too weak, as not to yeild unto the torrent
which carries me away.

ORMIN.

O rigorous Fate! --- *aside.*
But if all your indeavours are in vain,
If fierce *Fatima* still persist in her
Former disdains ---

ZEGRY.

what pleasure dost thou take
T'increase my troubles? hide her rigours to me
And speak but of her charms: my heart is try'd
By torments great enough, it need not be
afflicted with an evill not yet arriv'd.
flatter my weaknes, though therein thou shew
Thy self lesse faithfull, if thou dost desire
To interest thy self in my misfortunes.

ORMIN.

Sir, if your eyes could penetrate into
The secrets of my heart, you would soon find
How great an interest I take in them,
And that if your lot lay within my power,
Your pleasures should soon passe your hope, I call
The *Prophet*, so much honoured amongst us,
To witnes, that I feel the counterstroaks
Of all your troubles, that I'm grieved for them
As much as you, and tremble in like manner,
Lastly that you are dearer to me far
Then you imagine, that my happines
Depends on the successe of your amours,
And that it is for you alone my heart
Makes its devotions.

ZEGRY.

Grant it gracious Heaven

That

That thy zeal happily succeed in touching
In my behalf the soul of that ingratefull:
My sister hath already been with her,
And I believe she hath not fail'd to speak
To her for me, their friendship flatters me;
And gives me leave to hope that who esteems
The sister, may in time cherish the brother.
Adiew, perform thy duty, and return
With speed to calm the tempests of my spirit.
--- *Exit Zegry.*

ORMIN.

I will indeavour with permission of
The holy Prophet, to hear such successe
As I desire.

SCENE II.

ORMIM alone.

WHereto shall I resolve me in this sad
Extremity? shall I sollicit now
My Rivall gainst my self in the behalf
Of an ingratfull Master that doth wrong me?
And though he appeares blind to my disadvantage,
Shall I approve my self so more then he?
What shall I presse th'effect of what I fear?
Shall I give him content at my sad cost,
By a constraint so cruell? and shall I
Become my self the faithfull Minister
Of the injustices which he doth do me?
No, no, let us not serve with so much heat
To trouble us yet with a new misfortune,
A person who cost me so many tears:
If I must die, at least let me not give

Arms

Arms for to peirce my heart so'th contrary,
Let me act so, that he may hope for nothing
From fair *Fatima*, let me without scruple
Betray this false one, and deprive him of
A good which would become so fatal to me.
I should ground all the hope thats left unto me
Vpon the losse of his. But how is *this*,
That at *these* words *I* tremble with affright?
I find my *heart* already riseth up
Against me in behalf of *this* false Master.
Alas! how cruel and perfidious
Soer *he* be, I cannot fail of faith
To wards *him*, but must love, and serve *him* truly.
'Tis so resolv'd, my anger must give place
Vnto *the* love *that* raigneth in my bosom:
An ill example never justifies
A crime: let us deliberate no more;
But what's the noise I hear? it is *Fatima*
That passeth, and *Charifa* follows her.

SCENE III.

FATIMA, CHARIFA, ORMIN

FATIMA.

THis foul contemps which *Zaida* offers me
Provokes me highly, so far was this false one
From hindering *Adibar* to visit her,
(As she engag'd herselfin promise to me)
That she accepted kindly of his hand,
To disoblige me:tis an injury
Of such a nature as requires reveng.

CHARIFA.

The affront is known unto your self, you saw it
With your own eyes, and to speak truely Madame,
The injustice is extream.

FATIMA.

Know that my anget
Is so too; let us enter, it is late,
This night shall give us counsell.

ORMIN.

I'l go one,
And stay no longer, las! I dare not open
My mouth, nor keep it shut. Love, I beseech thee,
Mingle at least some good in the great masse.
Of my misfortunes, graunt that in demanding
All things of her, she grant me nothing for him. --- aside.
Madame, shall I find so much goodnes from you
As to allow me the sweet liberty
To leave this letter heer in your fair hands?
It commeth from a Louer the most passionate
Of all those which the Lustre of your eyes.
Hath made slaves; and who, not withstanding all
The love wherewith his soul is seis'd, hath griven you
Some cause of plaint.

FATIMA.

Of plaint! ist *Adsbar*
That writes vnto me? *Softly to Charifa.*

CHARIFA.

Without doubt tis he,
My heart doth tell me so.

FA-

FATIMA.

What would that falſe one
Deſire of me?

ORMIN.

How cruell is this ſweetnes
To me? --- *aſide.*
The end of his deſires is to
Appear before you, highly to deteſt
His inſolét crime, he would expreſſe the trouble
Wherewith his ſoul is preſs'd, to the Divinity
Iuſtly offended, and receive in making
His fault worthy to be forgot, a pardon.
Or death at your fair feet.

FATIMA.

I deſire not
His death; but I would have him live and hope;
How late ſoever his repentance comes.
I love it, and 't is welcome. My heart is
Already pacified by thy diſcourſe.

ORMIN.

I have for my misfortune, too well ſped. ---

FATIMA. (*aſide.*

Lets ſee with what air, in this letter he
Vtters his thought. we will go in to read it,
And to give anſwer; ſince he is no longer
Obſtinate in his coldnes, I will ſend
His pardon ſign'd and ſeal'd.

ORMIN.

How full of joy
Will *Zegry* be at my return?

FATIMA.

What ſay you?
Zegry.

ORMIN.

Tis he that ſends me, he will kiſſe
The words where with y'ave flatter'd him.

Fatima tearing his letter.

FATIMA.

This is
My answer, go, and carry it unto him. - *Exit Fatima.*

SCENE IV.

ORMIN, CHARIFA.

ORMIN.

THis in equality astonisheth
And puzleth me,- - - *Charifa!*

CHARIFA.

No, good night.

ORMIN.

Hear me, I pray thee.

CHARIFA.

I take no delight
To talk with fools

ORMIN.

Stay yet a little.

CHARIFA.

I have not the leisure.
Adieu, fair prater!

ORMIN.

Be not so ungentle.
My hād shall speak gould, to supply my mouth

CHARIFA.

I do'nt believe thee.

ORMIN.

Believe the event.
From Zegry take this diamond·

CHARIFA.

To betraye,
And sell my Mistresse? God defend, I will not
Receive it.

OR-

ORMIN.

Be not such a simple creature.

CHARIFA.

I take it *then* to please *thee*, but accept it
Vnto a good intent: *the* stone's not false,
At least I think so.

ORMIN.

Thou mayst be assur'd on't,
Tis very fair, and perfect.

CHARIFA.

Pardon me,
My words might seem t'imply a doubt, *that I*
Suspected thee, but *I* am innocent.

ORMIN.

Wilt thou not tell me by what fatall errour
Thy mistresse *humour* chang'd so suddenly?
And how it came, that only at the name
Of *Zegry* her heart presently grew cold,
Althongh enflam'd with my discourse before?

CHARIFA.

I love thee but too well; and if thou wilt
Be secret, I'l discover unto thee
This secret of importance, this hid mistery.

ORMIN.

Thou wilt oblige me much, speak, I'm discreet.
And will conceal't as closely as thy selfe.

CHARIFA.

Fatima then loves *Adibar* asmuch
As *she* doth hate thy Master; but for her,
Adibar by a pleasant fair return
Hath no, lesse coldnes then thy master love.
Thou knowst that thou art not yet known of her,
And that love oftentimes troubleth the brain:
Hence was it, that at first she did believe
That *Adibar* sent thee to speak to her;

But since she knew her errour, she was mad;
I hear a noise, let us speak soft I fear
We should be heard.

SCENE V.

ALABEZ, ORMIN, CHARIFA.

ALABEZ.

THe Devill! where thinks my Master
That I should meet with *Ormin*? it is night
And I can't find my way.

CHARIFA.

Prethee be still.

ORMIN.

Let me alone. thy honour is not much
In danger with me.

CHARIFA.

Foh! my diamond
Is fallen from my finger.

ORMIN.

Without doubt
The grasse conceals it from our sight.

CHARIFA.

We may
Seek it a good while ere we find it heer.

ORMIN.

Yes in this manner, I'le go fetch a light.

Exit Ormin.

SCENE VI.

ALABEZ, CHARIFA.

CHARIFA.

Return I've found it. ---*taking him for Ormin.*

ALA-

ALABEZ.

I should know that voice;
It is *Charifa*, strange! what might she do
So late heer in these woods? I will approach
A little neerer. - - *aside.*

CHARIFA.

Thou but jests with me,
Hisse me no more, if thou dost, I'l retire.

ALABEZ.

A rare piece this! I must hear all.

CHARIFA.

Yes really,
Promise me to be quiet, or I'l leave thee.
This is a little too much liberty
At first, I am a maid that stands upon
My reputation, and fear evill tongues.
I hold my honour very precious to me.

ALABEZ.

Thou seek'st to lose it, and invitest him
To take it from thee. - - - *aside.*

CHARIFA.

What! thou speakest not
A word unto me.

ALABEZ.

Excellent adventure!

CHARIFA.

How doth thy heart sigh, and thy close mouth murmur?
Those liberties, for all what I have said,
May be excus'd, if thou will marry me;
Thou know'st that one must marry, to love
And if I please thee. - - - (well

ALABEZ.

Oh? what impudence?

CHARIFA.

What say'st thou?

ALABEZ.

I am much surpris'd, by Heaven.

CHARIFA.

What! answereſt thou nothing? should this be
Through a contempt? I think that I 'm not yet
So torn by time, as not to be thought worthy
To be considered; thou knoweſt well
Alabez, if I would have had that fellow.
My marriage with him had been already
Concluded, but that is a lowt, and hath not
The art to pleaſe me as thou haſt, his faults
Are more considered by me, then his services.

ALABEZ.

The impudent jeers at me to my face.

CHARIFA.

That troubleſome never did any thing
Which pleaſed me, he hath a ſottish ſpirit,
And silly carriage; if the fool should marry me
I would not paſſe my word that he should not
Be one of thoſe which every one points at
With finger, which permit their neighbours to
Think their wives fair, ād which we commōly
Call cuckoulds.

SCENE VII.

ORMIN, CHARIFA, ALABEZ.

ORMIN.

SEe heer, I have brought you light.

CHARIFA.

What have I done? this is a groſſe miſtake

ALABEZ.

What think'ſt thou; have not I much cauſe to be

Well

Well satisfied? I have done nothing then
That ever pleas'd thee, I've a sottish spirit
And silly carriage. Thou shouldst die with sha-
CHARISA. (me.
Why? prethee? I have utteted but a truth.
ALABEZ.
But a truth, traitresse, o thou brazen face!
What! If I married thee, thou dangerous beast
I should be of the number of those people
Which we call cuckoulds? thy impertinent
tongue
Lied a hundred times, I'd rather chuse
A rope then such a bed fellow:
ORMIN.
Whence springs
Your quarrel?
ALABEZ.
Peace a while, I shall in good time
Talk with you, friend, companion of ill luck
Ormin putting out the candle.
ORMIN.
We must be gone, there's nothing to be gotten
But blows heer by a fool.- - - *Exeunt Ormin and Charisa.*

SCENE VIII.

ALMANSOR, GASUL, ALABEZ. ADIBAR.

ALMANSOR.
GOe see whence comes this noise.
ALABEZ.
Oh have I met thee, - - *giving Gasul a buffett.*
precious Apostle?
GASUL.
How base traitor!

ALABEZ.

Pardon me,
I took thee for another, in good faith:
I sought a rascal that escaped me,
To whom I did intend that injury
But I shall soon o'rtake him without running.

Exit Alabez.

ALMANSOR.

Hast learnt the cause of those cõfused rumours?

GASVI.

No, but I have beene beaten by a person,
Who afterward made me excuses for't.

ALMANSOR.

The house is not far of, give order to
The voices to advance, and bid them sing
Neer to that Little wood.

Adibar appearing on the other side:

ADIAAR.

See, friends, the place
Where *Zaida* dwels, if you are ready now.
Begin immediately.

The first song.

YE deserts, and dark cells
Where night and silence dwells
You whom I trust with my sad cares.

GASVL.

This voice belongs not to our company.

ALMANSOR.

This Stanza finish'd, let us be prepar'd
To sing forthwith the ayr which I compos'd.
Ye deserts and dark cells,
Where night and silence dwells,
You whom I trust with my sad cares,
With all my deaths, and my despairs,

Rec'a

Rocks, forrests, and thick Shades,
Which the Sun ne'r invades,
You in whose bosomes I enclose
My love, my sighs, my plaints, and woes:
Alas! when will you be
Keepers of my felicity?

Second Song.

Ye brooks, and Zephirs sweet,
Which heer in Spring-time meet
To water and perfume these plains

ADIBAR.

What insolét voice troubles our consort heer?
Th'affront shal not passe without punishment

Ye Brooks, and Zephirs sweet,
Which heer in Spring-time meet
To water and perfume these plains
Frequented by the amorous Saints
Favour me not to flow
Oblige me not to blow,
Vntill my tears their course have spent,
And my sighs given my griefs full vent,
Then in your Channells glide,
And winds breathe, as before, in pride.

ADIBAR.

Who art thou that dar'st heer to trouble me?

ALMANSOR.

My name is too well known to be conceal'd,
I'm call'd *Almansor.*

ADIBAR.

Fear, fear then mine anger.
I'm *Adibar*, thy greatest Enemy
Who to meet thee, have made some weary steps
Vnto no purpose; now when least I sought thee
I've found thee; tell me, how comes it that thou

Ta-

Takest a licence to besiege my mistresse
With so much insolence? dost visit her,
As friend unto her brother, or as Lover
And servant unto her?

ALMANSOR.

Content thy self
To understand that as the brothers friend,
The Sister doth accept my services,
And that I reverence her: assure thy self
That if I were so happy as to be
Her Lover, I should be discret enough,
Not to acquaint thee with it.

ADIBAR.

These refinings,
And juglings which thou usest to defend thee,
Cannot withdraw thee from my just revenge,
Thou shalt die.--- *Draws*

ALMANSOR.

Rather fear that my sword heer-- *draws.*
Peircing thy heart, quench thy love in thy blood.

SCENE IX.

ZEGRY, ADIBAR, ALMANSOR.

ZEGRY.

FOr bear, and moderate this barbarous fury,
What means this, friends?

ADIBAR.

Nothing, since we are parted.

ZEGRY.

Oh, ist you *Adibar*?

ALMANSOR.

This is not the Song
Which I desire.

ADI-

ADIBAR.

Zegry, thou dost me wrong.

ZEGRY.

What cause, dear friend, could animate thee so?
Permit me, I beseech you having parted you,
To reconcile you too at the same time:
I take an interest in your debats:
Let me know therfor what your differnce is.

ADIBAR.

Zegry in vaine you interpose your self
To hinder the proceeding, my revenge
Is just, and your cares but prolong his life
For some few minures. --- *Exit Adibar.*

SCENE. X.

ZEGRY, ALMANSOR.

ZEGRY.

DEare *Almansor tell me*
Whence comes so strong a hate between you two?
Relate the cause on't.

ALMANSOR.

Tis not worth the labour;
This petty difference which troubles thee,
Should be determined ere known.

ZEGRY.

In vain
Thon dost persist to hide this secret from me:
Almansor, I ghesse at it; sure, some Beauty
Embroils you; I've heard heer two different consorts.
The rest I do divine.

ALMANSOR.

Friend, I confesse it;
We both at one time gave our Evering Musick
To one and the same Mistresse.

ZE-

ZEGRY.

May not I
Know her name, Friend?

ALMANSOR.

Heavens how am *I* put to't?
Should I tell him that I adore his sister? - *aside.*

ZEGRY.

Friend, this reservednes suits not that name,
I did not hide my amours for *Fatima*
From thee.

ALMANSOR.

He hath alread, promised
His sister; Im confounded; if *I* dare
To name her, what will he not say? - - - *aside.*

ZEGRY.

This confus'd silence should sufficientl/
Instruct me that he doth adore *Fatima*,
And dares not tell it me - - - *aside.*
What! shall I not
Know then what object hath subjected thee?

ALMANSOR.

Her fair name uttered would make us enemies,
Instead of doing thee a courtesy
I should do thee an injur/; adiew;
Dispense me to say more on't.

ZEGRY.

How is this!
Wilt thou not go unto my house?

ALMANSOR

Excuse me,
This night I am engag'd by promise to
Lodge at *Gomella's*.

ZEGRY.

How! *Gomella's*, sayst thou?

ALMANSOR.

Yes, I fear that he stays for me, adiew,

I've

I ue promiſed him, and I can't fail my word.

Exit Almanſor.

Zegry alone.

ZEGRY

The traitor Loves *Fatima*: and intends
To marry her: to judge on't otherwiſe,
Is to abuſe my ſelf; yes owing me,
His life, he makes uſe of it to deſtroy me;
But he that could ſave it, can alſo ruine it;
And his death loudly ſhall proclaime to all
That the ſame arm which ſerves the innocent,
Can punish the ingratefull inſolent.

The End of the third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

ALMANSOR, GOMELLA

ALMANSOR.

YOu ſhal not go alone to meet my mother,
I I follow you, *Gomella*.

GOMELLA

That needs not
Her order doth oblige you to expect her
Here at my houſe.

ALMANSOR.

But nature doth impoſe
A ſtronger law upon me.

GOMELLA.

Sir ſhe hath not

Vnder-

Vnderſtood of your comming yet, your ſighe
Will be too ſudden a ſurpriſe, for bear
Till I acquaint her with it.

ALMANSOR

I expect
No blame in this encounter; If I ſhould
Surpriſe her, it would be delightfully.

GOMELLA.

Seeing you will, let's go together then.

ALMANSOR.

I do but what I ought.

GOMELLA.

I ſpeak my thoughts.

ALMANSOR.

Zegry comes forth his houſe; before *I* go,
I muſt embrace him.

GOMELLA.

Stay, you may not do it.

ALMANSOR.

Conſtraint's unjuſt, asmuch as it is cruell:
Ought I to fly a friend ſo dear, ſo faithfull?
Suffer me to ſpeak to him, and I'l follow you
Immediately.

GOMELLA.

I cannot, for I have an expreſſe order
Vnto the contrary. --- *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ZEGRY.

Ormin, did ſt thou obſerve how carefully
That traitor ſhun'd me aſſoon as he ſaw me?
Did'ſt mark how he was troubled at firſt,
How he advanc'd, a ſtep or two to Wards me,
And

And then went back again, how he resign'd
The place unto me in confusion,
Press'd with the stings of his ingratitude?

ORMIN.

What ever I observed, it can never
Enter into my thought *Almanzor* should
Be guilty of so base and black a crime;
And though in shew I find him culpable,
I esteem him incapable to commit
Any base act; he still appear'd unto me
A person of much honour, and too jealous
Thereof, so ill t'imploy the life which he
Holdeth of you: besides I find within me
A certain secret instinct which *I*
Can't comprehend, that when *I* should accuse him,
Forceth me to defend him.

ZEGRY.

Seeing me
To cherish that too much below'd Ingratefull,
Thou art accustom'd also to caresse him.
I can't believe, neither that he betrays me,
Nor can I doubt ~~one, that's my~~ punishment.
And those sweet motions, which I scarce can banish,
Aggravate his offence, instead of lessening it:
Iudge then how much I am to be lamented
In this condition, the onely good
That rests to me, is to fear nothing more.
Fortune would not afflict me heer by halfs;
I lose a Mistresse, and a friend together:
Both injure me, and I have so much weakness,
That I can't hate the Mistresse, nor the Friend;
But could'st thou yesterday learn from *Charifa*
Why fair *Fatima* hath so much contempt
Within her bosome for me? thou hast told me

That

That *Adibar* doth charm her, but thou haſt not
Tould me from whence her hatred doth proceed.

ORMIN.

Fatima, if I may believe what hath
Been told me, alwaies did abhore you for
Vnfaithfullnes, ſhe hath ſome reaſon to
Beliieve you falſe, and this is that as far
As I can underſtand, which doth oblige her
To be ſo cruell to you.

ZEGRY.

Falſe, ſayſt thou?
I never was ſo.

ORMIN.

She *hath* underſtood though,
That a maid call'd *zelinda*, faire enough,
Very young, and of an illuſtrious family,
And who received ſometime many ſervices
From you, being almoſt on the point to ſee you
Her husband, and when all things were diſpos'd
And ready for the mariage was fouly
~~For ſaken by~~ you and deſpis'd; it ſeems
That this example toucheth, and doth teach her
That who can once, can chãge a thouſãd times.

ZEGRY.

Ormin, this change is no inconſtancy.

ORMIN.

It would be very hard to prove it innocent.

ZEGRY.

VVithout doubt this pretended mariage
Made a great noiſe; but I wil tell thee all

ORMIN.

VVhat will th'ingratefull ſay? --- *aſide*

ZEGRY.

Before that mariage was concluded which

VVas

VVas to unite us to A*bencerage* blood,
And by *that* means at laſt to quench the heat
Of an old *hatred*, fair *Fatima* was
Already Miſtreſſe of my heart; to make me
Take a new chain, *Zelinda*, whō they offered me
In my opinion, was not fair enough:
So that I ſaw her without loving her:
Her feeble Beauty could not ſhake the fetters
VVhich tied me, yet I indeavoured
To *have* ſom kindnes for *her*, but her eyes
Or my *heart* were not ſtrong enough to work it;
And if I did *her* any ſervices,
It was but in deſign to pleaſe my parents:
Fatima there fore is to blame to *think*
That I am falſe: ſince *I had* never love
For any but for *her*.

ORMIN.

Alas! I need not
Doubt more of *his* contempt! I was inquiſitive
To know too much, and now I doe repent it.
... aſide.

ZEGRY.

This is a *truth*, which eaſily can bee prov'd:
But *how* comes it my ſiſter, ſo up ſo ſoon?

SCENE III.

ZAIDA, MEDINA, ZEGRY, ORMIN.

ZAIDA.

Brother, have you receiv'd *th'* intelligence
Is given me of the death of him which was
Deſigned for my husband?

ZEGRY.

Yes, I 've heard it;
It is too true, he died in *Argier*
O'th ſpotted feaver.

ZAI-

ZAIDA.

I'm unhappy by it;
But you are neer your ioy, and may discourse
Of mariage and love.

ZEGRY.

Oh, Sister, rather
Say that I must no longer now discourse
Of love nor Mariage: say that I must punish
A base and an ingratefull spirit with death
One that hath wickedly betray'd my friendship:
Fury alone presides now in my soul,
And I must think nor speak of any thing
But of destroying a perfidious wretch.

ZAIDA.

Who is that traitor? let me know, I pray you,
What signall crime provoketh you so highly.

ZEGRY.

Thou know'st too well the Authour of my injury
His name's *Almanzor*, his love is his crime,

ZAIDA.

His love! what hear I?

ZEGRY.

Sister, tis too true,
His insolent love hath stirred up mine anger.

ZAIDA.

He knoweth that *Almanzor* loveth me,
And that is it enrageth him. --- *aside.*

ZEGRY.

His death,
Is just, add he shall die, base, and ingratefull!

ZAIDA.

Brother, you should examine without passion
All that which might be of a friend suspected,
And we should never judge of his offence
But with much care and much indulgence: alwaies

AT-

Almanſor hath appear'd too generous
To mingle any foul or unjuſt thing
In his affections; and he oweth you
Too much, to have a thought to wrong a friend
That ſav'd his life.

ZEGRY.

Siſter, thou doſt oblige me;
Thy arguments with little contradiction
Diſarm all my reſentments quite; *Almanſor*
Is ſo dear to me, that how ere he wrongs me,
Thou wilt do me a courteſie, to ſtop
My anger.

ZAIDA.

Perhaps, you *have* accuſed him unjuſtly.

ZEGRY.

Would that it pleaſed Heaven *I* were abus'd!
But alas! my ſuſpition is too juſt,
I'l tell't thee now; he loveth

ZAIDA.

Who?

ZEGRY.

Fatima:

ZAIDA.

How! ſhould he love *Fatima*? really
That crime is black:

ZEGRY.

The better to aſſure thee on't, tis beſt
Thou go to viſit her, I do believe
Thou'lt vnderſtand frō her that he adores her,
And that he's falſe to me.

ZAIDA.

Traitor! Inconſtant!
Pernitious Spirit!

ZEGRY.

But, Siſter, VVhy appear you
So troubled in your eyes and countenance?

ZAI-

ZAIDA.

The trouble of mine eyes cleerly denotes
That my heart feels the evils which your friend doth you,
Your friēd, what have I said? that name suits ill
With his condition, if he be your Rivall,
He's not your friend. Goe persently to quench
His life and Love, and wash away the crimes
Of his soul in his blood.

ZEGRY.

No, Sister, no;
We should examine without passion
All that which might be of a friend suspected,
And one should never judge of his offence
But with much care and much indulgence; alwaies
Almanzor hath appear'd too generous,
To mingle any foul, or vnjnst thing
In his affections; and he oweth me
Too much, to have a thought to wrōg a friēd
That sau'd his life.

ZAIDA.

In what an errour are you?

ZEGRY.

If I am in an errour, I receiv'd it
From you: these were your sentiments, good Sister,
And shall be mine.

ZAIDA.

Then knew I not his crime;
But now that it is plain, take your revenge,
I will no more restrain you.

ZEGRY.

Stop me rather;
Condemn my anger, not my amity.
In favour of *Almanzor* I would be

Abus'd

Abus'd; I will accuſe him, but I would
That others should excuſe him, I ſpeak of
Revenge, but ſeek it not, and threaten only
But to the end to have my arme reſtrain'd.
His paſſion, perhaps, may be condemn'd
Vnjuſtly: poſſibly it might be born.
Before our friendship, and, perhaps *Fatima*
Anſwereth unto it, and that to unite them,
Gomellas orders do invite him heer;
If it be ſo, to free my ſelf from crime,
Sister, tis juſt I yeild *Fatima* to him:
I'l break my chains, and with a ſetled heart
Will make the pleaſures of my friend mine own.

ZAIDA.

what ſtrange abuſe, what ſeeret charm thus ſoftens
Your heart in the behalf of an Ingratefull:
He owes his life unto you: ought he not
T'acquit him ſelf to wards you by all poſſible
Indeavours? if he be your Rivall, can you
Without much weaknes tamely give him up
Your Miſtreſſe? if he be your friend, as you
Eſteem him, ought he not to give you up
The object which you love.

ZEGRY.

Without reply
Go preſently to viſit fair *Fatima*:
And fail not fully to inform your ſelf
Of their intelligence. --- *Exit Zegry.*

MEDINA ZAIDA.

MEDINA.

YOu aſtonish me;
I can't conceive how one can love a man.
And preſſe his death.

ME-

ZAIDA.

Oh! say not that I love
Such an ingratefull and inconstant wreteh:
Believe that if I have fires, they are fires
Of rage, and that my heart will ne'r be quiet
Till this perfidious Lover be a sacrifice
To my just anger.

MEDINA.

But you weep, Madam.

ZAIDA.

True, I weep, Medina:
If that false one should perish, I should die;
I feel that rage and tendernes, hate and love
Triumph by Turns within me: I m his Enemy.
And yet I am his Lover, when my anger
Encreaseth, th'other Kinder passion springs:
And though that he be louely, and hath falsely
Betray d me, *I* can neither love, nor hate *him*

MEDINA.

Madam, speak softer, you will elce be heard.
Adibar comes to wards us.

ZAIDA.

I'l not stay.

SCENE V.

ADIBAR, ZAIDA, MEDINA.

ADIBAR.

Zaida, where go you with my heart?

ZAIDA.

I pray you,
Leave me alone, and do not trouble me,
Adieu.

ADIBAR.

Receive my ſervices.

ZAIDA.

I have
No need of them.

ADIBAR.

I do beſeech you, hear me.

ZAIDA.

You muſt excuſe me, I have other buſines.

ADIBAR.

With a look onely, conſolate my griefs;
Tis you I ſeek.

ZAIDA..

And tis you that I fly.

ADIBAR.

How! treat you ſuch a faithfull Lover ſo?

ZAIDA.

Fatima there will be leſſe cruell to you.

ADIBAR.

Mock not at her, *Fatima* is as fair,
Although leſſe proud then you.

SCENE VI.

FATIMA, ZAIDA, ADIBAR, CHARIFA, MEDINA.

FATIMA.

WHat *Adibar*
Still with this ſcornfull? my revenge is juſt.
'Tis time that it break forth. *Zaida*, I find you
In ſuch a black and heavy melancholy,
That I loſe the deſign which brought me hither:
Shall I dare ſpeak of dances, revels, feaſts,
And of a mariage in the condition
Wherein you are?

ZAIDA.

What say you, of a mariage?

FATIMA.

Since you presse me,
you shall know all; know what my Father hath
Provided one for me.

ZAIDA.

For you, *Fatima*?

FATIMA.

Yes, *Zaida*, and the busines is well forward.

ZAIDA.

In your contents I claim an interest:
I should be glad to know your Lovers name,

FATIMA.

He's an accomplish d man, noble, and brave
And of a charming presence, and rare merit:
I doubt not but you will approve the choice
My Father hath made of him.

ZAIDA.

How she makes me
Languish to meet death?--- *aside.*
Well, who is the man?

FATIMA.

You know him very well;
He made long time his ordinary residence
At home with you, your brother Zegrys friēd
Have I yet said enough?

ZAIDA.

Tell me his name too.

FATIMA.

Divine you not that he is call'd *Almanſor*!

ZAIDA.

I can no more, but faint and die.--- *aside.*

FA-

FATIMA

How she
Is chang'd, she feels my pain, and I'm reveng'd

ADIBAR.

I have much interest in this event.

ZAIDA.

This match without doubt cannot chuse but please you.

FATIMA.

True, I am not of those who through a maxime
Of I know not, what modesty, blush at mariage
As if it were a crime, feign to sigh at it,
And yet in secret are sad at the heart,
If it should not be consummate. I assure you.
Upon this point I not dissemble with you:
I no way hate the Lover that's design'd me,
I prize his love, his services, his merit
At a high rate, and if he loves me much,
He is no lesse belov'd.

ZAIDA.

It seemeth then,
He loves you very much.

FATIMA.

I can't expresse it:
He lives but for me, breatheth but for me:
I am the sole original of his good
Or evill fortune: when he sees me not,
He is in torments, and when hazard brings me
Unto his sight, again, I have great cause
To fear that he might die with sudden joy;
Lastly if any truth be in his oaths,
All other beauties are contemptible to him.

ZAIDA.

Oh Heaven! what hear I, where am I? oh traitor!
Ingratefull wretch! --- *aside.*
But could you so soon love him
Before you knew him?

FATIMA.

I cannot be blam'd
For this quick love, I saw in him at first
All things that might induce a maid to love:
Besides heerein I execute the order
My Father doth ordain, I willingly
Obey his will; and since he hath chosen him
For son in law and for support, I think
That he is worthy of it, and conform
My self unto him.

ZAIDA.

But what are your thoughts
Of *Adibar?*

ADIBAR.

I dare not to pretend
To her past'd goodness more.

FATIMA.

He deserv'd not
The honour of my love; he changed first,
And I change at my turn.

ZAIDA.

He was not alwaies
Vnworthy to please you; can you forget him?

FATIMA.

Yes; and with much justice, and reason too,
He is to me the most ingratefull person
Vpon the earth; his contempt was unjust,
But mine is not so. Let us cease to speak
Of that inconstant Lover; I will pay him
Hatred for hatred, contempt for contempt.

Let

Let us again talk of our mariage,
And let me know if *I* may have the honour
To see you there,

ZAIDA.

Excuse me, *I*'m oppress'd
With a great pain, which is redoubled
Since your discourse, so that I'm rendered
Incapable to be present there, and am
Enforc'd to quit you at this very instant.

ADIBAR.

I wait you; suffer me to pay the service
I owe you.---*He leads her by the arm?*

ZAIDA.

I am forced through my weaknes
To accept your support.-*Exeunt Zaida & Adibar*

SCENE VII.

FATIMA, CHARIFA.

FATIMA.

Zaida feels my discase, but *Adibar*
Flies me; herein my revenge is compleat,
Though my hope be destroyd.

CHARIFA.

You have lost nothing
By that, *Almanzor's* worth a thousand of him

FATIMA.

Iudge better of my plaint, what I have said
Is but a fiction; I perceive *Medina*
And thou are intimate, she could not chuse
But tell thee that *Almanzor's* very dear
To the ingratefull *Zaida*, this *I* heard
From thy own mouth.

CHARIFA.

Well.

FATIMA.

This deviſe of mine,
In feigning that *Almanſor* was to marry me,
Is to revenge me of her for admitting,
Contrary to her promiſe, my falſe Lover
To addreſſe courtſhip to her, and to punish her
For the evills which she hath procured me.

CHARIFA.

How cunning are you! this deceit is notable.

SCENE VIII.

ADIBAR FATIMA

FATIMA.

HOw! quit ſo ſoon the object of your heart?

ADIBAR.

I ſtudied more her reſt then my content.

FATIMA.

You appear ſeiſed with an extream ſadnes.

ADIBAR.

I cannot ſee that ſuffer which I love.
Without grief.

FATIMA.

Zaida ſure, repulſed you.

ADIBAR.

My reſpect only put me of, and not
Her cruelty.

FATIMA.

If she were juſt, or generous
She would deſpiſe a lover that's unfaithfull.

ADIBAR.

I were to blame, if I should complain of her.

FA-

FATIMA.

Almanſers fortune is more ſweet with me.

ADIBAR.

I'm to well ſatisfied, to be jealous of it.

FATIMA.

You do but flatter you with a vain hope,
Zaida hath but diſdain, and hate for you.

ADIBAR.

Her hate and *her* diſdain are ended now;
And our hearts ſpeedily ſhall be united
By mariage.

FATIMA.

But Sir, you may be miſtaken
In your accompt, and hope; do you not know
That *Zaida's* promiſ'd?

ADIBAR.

Rather you may be
Deceived in this point: perhaps you know not
That he who was to marry her, is dead.

FATIMA.

How is he dead?

ADIBAR.

Yes Madam, and fair *Zaida*
Propitious at laſt, will render juſtice
To my devout affection, and did
Aſſure me when I took my leave of her
That she would marry me, if I could get
Her brother to conſent unto't; adiew;
To obtain this ſo dear and pretious Beauty,
I muſt addreſſe me to her brother, and
Solicit my beſt friends. --- *Exit Adibar.*

SCENE IX.

FATIMA, CHARIFA.

FATIMA.

WHat have I done?
Alas! my fiction hath only serv'd
To dispose *Zaida* to deprive me of
My Lover.

CHARIFA.

Madam. - - -

FATIMA.

Leave me; in a fate
So sad as this, every thing hurts, destroyes,
And makes me desperate.

CHARIFA.

Will you not hear me?

FATIMA.

No, I hear nothing but the fury which
Raigns in my confus'd spirits, grief seiseth me
And anger doth transport me.

CHARIFA.

Madam, comfort you.

FATIMA.

Oh that I were dead! cease to comfort me
In such a just despair put me to bed,
Or in my grave there to lye buried.

The End of the fourth Act.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

GOMELLA, LINDARACHE, ALMANSOR.

GOMELLA.

YOu see the cote where I make my abode.

LINDARACHE.

Sir, if you please, I shall desire to be
Private a while here with my son, and presently
I'm yours.

ALMANSOR.

Oh Madam, oh dear Mother,
In this blest time shal I obtain the honour
Of your embracements?

LINDERACHE.

Stay, *Abencerage*,
Know our dishonour first, and shew thy self
My son before I embrace thee. I was mother
Of two fair children, when a Ravisher
Stole away both my Daughter, and thy Sister.

ALMANSOR.

Good God! what do you tell me?

LINDARACHE

That thy Sister
Is ravished.

ALMANSOR.

Name but the Ravisher,
And he is dead.

LINDERACHE.

Come, now embrace me, Son, this saying makes me
Believe that Heaven hath given thee me for to Revenge me.

ALMANSOR.

Let me know his name, I swear
By th' holy *Prophet*, that his blood shal wash
The injury, and that this arm of mine
Shall sacrifice him instautly unto you.

LINDARACHE

Thou shall know all, hearken, and let me
speak:
Thou art not ignorant of the enmity
which raign'd for many ages twixt the houses
O'th' *Zegries*, and of the *Abencerages*:
Now thou must know that on th' opinion
Conceived that a mariage would put end
To this contention, my daughter was
Design'd for wife to *Zegry*; every thing
Was ready, and the day appointed, when
Through an aversion, or rather through
Contempt, the trecherous *Zegry* flying our
Alliance, hastily embark'ed himself
For *Argsar*; and to add unto our griefs,
Assoon as this report was spread, my daughter
Was seen no more.

ALMANSOR.

O Heaven! who should be cause
Of this misfortune?

LINDERACHE.

Read this letter heer,
It will inform thee fully

Almansor reads the Letter.

LETTER.

YOu, from whom, I receiv'd my breath,
Know that a sad fate worse then death
Is hapened to me, all our name
In my losse bear an equall shame;

The

The falſe and cruel Zegry *is*
The Author of my miſeries;
For he it it that by his charms
Hath taken me out of your arms.

Zelinda.

ALMANSOR.

What have *I* heard!

LINDERACHE.

Abominable truths.

ALMANLOR.

Zegry her ravisher! oh fatall news!

LINDERACHE.

In this misfortune *I* had ſo much judgment
To hide this our dishonour, and her rape:
By the advice of the illuſtrious,
And wiſe *Gomella*, *I* ſpread every where
The rumour of her death, and ſent thee order
At the ſame time to depart from *Tremiſſa*
And to come heer: laſtly in *Tunis* ſtaying
Thy comming, I paſſed an unknown life
In tears and lamentation: and ſeeing
The time of thy return to be at hand,
I came heer to this fatall reſidence:
I find thee, and my grief is charm'd already,
To ſee my juſt rage in *thy* ſoule imprinted,
And *thy* brave arm diſpoſ'd to take revenge,
And to deprive *that* wretch of life, *who hath*
Deprived us of *h*onour.

ALMAOSOR.

Oh how many
Afflictions ſeiſe! my *heart*!

LINDARACHE.

Tis time to punish,
Not to deplore, in *such* a fatall fortune

Expreſſe

Expresse thy grief by bloody brave effects
Of rage and courage, vain regrets, and sighs
Suit with my sex, revenge belongs to thee.
Thou knowest the offender, go repair
Th' offence: I would not have reserv'd for thee
Th' Imployment, if I could revenge my self
Without thee; and I had already seen
The punishment of *Zegry*, If I would
Have us'd *Gomellas* service; thy arm only
Must wash the stain of from thy brow; take all
The reuenge to thee, as th' affront's all thine:
See me no more until thou hast reveng'd
Thy Sister, Goe, seek, find and punish fully
Her barbarous ravisher; adiew, perform
Thy duty, and make thy self to appear
A worthy branch of that illustrious stock
Of Heros, from whose loines thou art descéded;
To end our common miseries and fears,
Go thou to shed blood, I goe to shed tears.---

Exit Lindarache.

SCENE II.

ALMANSOR alone.

ALMANSOR.

OH heard extremities! oh cruel violence!
Alas! the friend that doth oblige me, is
The enemy that wrongs me; I owe then
My safety unto him that robs me of
My honour, and the man that sav'd the brother
Hath ruined the Sister! in this case
What counsell should I take? shall I become
Ingratefull, or be infamous, shal I
Break the bond of a holy amity?
Shal I let forth the blood which preserv'd mine,

That

That blood in which love will that *I* have interest?
And to say all, the blood of my fair Mistresse?
She comes forth, and without doubt aymeth here
Honour will that I fly, but Love restrains me:

SCENE III.

ALMANSOR, ZAIDA, MEDINA.

ZAIDA.

HE dares not to advance, his crime intimidates him.
We will passe by the traitor, without speaking
A word.

ALMANSOR.

Deare object of all my affections,
Charme of my Spirits!

ZAIDA.

Surely, you are mistaken.
You would speak to some other.

ALMANSOR.

Suffer me
T'expresse my passion unto your faire eyes,
Love, -----

ZAIDA.

You take me without doubt for *Fatima*.

ALMANSOR.

How for *Fatima*; this word doth acquaint me
Confusedly with the unjust suspition
From whence this chang springs: possibly you have
Believed that I seek to please her, seeing
The league that it between me, and her Father;
But Heaven, and Love my conquerour, be witnes,
That your fair Image wholy doth possesse
My heart, that to remove you thence, *Fatima*

In

Is altogether incapable, that I look on
Al that is lovely in her without love
And that as ſenſible only of the darts
Of your rare beauties, I confine my thoughts
And actions to civilities for her.

ZAIDA.

How do you look upon *Fatima* then
With an indifference?... Let me ſee how far
His impudence will go. --- *aſide.*

ALMANSOR.

Can you doubt of it? you that have tied all
My ſenſes with ſuch ſweet and preſſing bonds?
Can you ſuſpect with any juſtice, Madam
My heart of treachery, my oaths of falſhood,
And believe that my ſoul hath ſo much blackneſs,
As to betray my Miſtreſſe, my friend,
And my Deliverer? could you imagine,
Without being deceiv'd, that having once
Beheld you, one could love elſewhere? oh no:
For me to be inflam'd with a new fire
You are too charming, and I'm too much charm'd.

ZAIDA,

Too much charm'd, monſter of perfidiouſneſs?
Wilt thou abuſe me then after thou haſt
Betray'd me, and with an unworthy love
Carried away, wilt thou join impudence
To infidelity?

ALMANSOR

To infidelity,
What ſay you, *Zaida*? this diſcourſe confounds me.

ZAIDA.

I ſee it plainly, wretch; wer't thou leſſe wicked,

Thou

Thou would'ſt be leſſe confounded; an ingratefull
Still blusheth at reproaches.

ALMANSOR.

An ingratefull?

ZAIDA.

Doth that word trouble thee? and feareſt thou
The name of an ingratefull perſon more
Then foul Ingratitude it ſelf?

ALMANSOR.

I know not
The cauſe of this your anger, ſhould I never
So much examine me, I ſtill ſhould find
My conſcience innocent.

ZAIDA.

In thy accompt then
Tis nothing to deceive a maid, to wrong
Thy friend, to fail thy faith, to love *Fatima*,
Laſtly

ALMANSOR,

I, ſay you?

ZAIDA.

Yes, thee.

ALMANSOR.

Oh! believe me,
I love her not.

ZAIDA.

Dar'ſt thou to ſay it yet?
Doſt thou not love her when thou doſt adore her?
Thy falſe equivocations cannot heer
Abuſe me, I know that thou art to morrow
To marry her.

ALMANSOR.

To marry her! o Heaven, believe it not,
I ſwear.

ZAI-

ZAIDA.

No, no, forbeare, I believe not
The oaths of one that's perjur'd, every one,
Knows of this mariage.

ALMANSOR.

Who told it you?

ZAIDA.

A certaine person.

ALMANSOR

Whosoe'r it be,
That certain person ly'd. Tell me his name,
And my just anger presently shall carry him
The reward of his false intelligence.

ZAIDA.

Goe punish then Fatima, it was she
Her self that told it me.

ALMANSOR

Oh give lesse credit,
Ador able Wonder, to such false discourses.

ZAIDA.

Good God! who ever saw such impudence?

ALMANSOR.

The mariage which she hath forged, is
A falsity; bear witnesse thou dread Master
Of Heaven that this I speak is truth; but if
I lie, let thy hand with a thunderbolt
Strike me unto the center of the earth:
Let my name be forever odious,
If the fire which I feel proceedeth not
wholy from your fair eyes, and if my heart
Ever conceived for *Fatima* any thing
Beyond a weak esteem.

ZAIDA.

I must sift yet
This brazen face more throughly. ... *aside.*
How wilt thou prove

The

The truth of thy assertion?

ALMANSOR,

I can produce.
A hundred proofs to disabuse you presently.

ZAIDA.

I'l have but one, and that too very easie;
To put an end to the suspitions,
Which I've cõceiv'd of thee, give me forthwith
Both thy hand and thy faith.

ALMANSOR.

I give it you
With an excesse of joy. --- but what would I,
Give her a hand that must destroy her brother,
And plung it self in his most noble blood? ---
aside

ZAIDA.

What dost thou answer me so ill for such
Rare bounties? dost thou murmur to thy selfe,
Grow pale and study, as if thou resent'st ill
What I propose.

ALMANSOR.

Madam, clean contrary
I was rap'd with th'unexpected honour,
And happines wherewith I saw me filled,
And th'excesse of my joy transported me:
I feare through my obedience to betray you,
To make detraction to speak against you,
And to treat *Zegry* too unciviliy
In giving without his consent my hand
And faith; but this weak fear yeilds to my flame
Duty prevails not now upon my soul,
And cannot take from me the glorious purpose
Of giving you my heart and hand together.

ZAI-

ZAIDA.

Thou thinkeſt on't too late, my mind is
chang'd,
And n'er ſhall chãge again, know that I feign'd,
Only to try thee, that exceſſe of goodnes,
And thy fires for *Fatima* preſently
Burſt forth.

ALMANSOR.

Oh! I had never any ſor her!

ZAIDA.

Thy deceit 's plain enough, I'm very well
Aſſured of this fatall mariage:
When I preſs'd thee to paſſe thy faith unto me,
I ſaw that thy remorſes for *Fatima*
Accuſed thee, and thy confuſion
Confirmed me in my beliefe that ſhe
Receiv'd the faith which I demanded of thee.

ALMANSOR.

I offer it unto you.

ZAIDA.

No thou cauſt not
Diſpoſe of it. Thou haſt already given it,
And wilt abuſe me.

ALMANSOR.

You abuſe your ſelf
With too much warines.

ZAIDA.

Haſt thou the boldnes
To reply yet? Go, go to thy *Fatima*,
To morrow is your mariage day, I know it.
She hath affections for thee, ſince thou haſt
Refuſed me.

ALMANSOR.

Hear me, I do beſeech you.

ZAIDA.

No, no? that were too great a weaknes in me:
Know

Know that I leave thee, n'er too see thee more.
A secret poison's hid in the discourse
Of an ingratefull person, and each word
A traitor speaks, destroys worse then the sword.
Exit Zaida.

SCENE IV.

ALMANSOR, alone.

ALMANSOR.

STrange successe, this! How is my soul possess'd
Still with new troubles? must I suffer then
The punishment of a fault which I have not
Committed? when revenge doth presse me to
Destroy a friend, must I at the same time
Destroy a Mistresse too? must I lose *Zaida*?
Yes my heart, I must loose her presently,
Since in depriving her of a dear brother,
My arm will draw her hate and anger on me:
I should hence forth no longer be so soft,
Tis time to think of *Zegry's* death, he must
Pay his blood to repair the honour which
He robs me of. This Enemy so dear
Must die, and I must sacrifice him to me;
He comes: at his approach some téder motions
Oppose my just resentments, and indeed
Render them weak, my friendship combateth
The anger that possesseth me, my tendernes
Is lesse weak, and my fury is lesse strong.
He sav'd my life, he ravished my Sister;
Shall I go to embrace him, or to kill him?

SCE-

SCENE V.

ZEGRY, ORMIN, ALMANSOR.

ZEGRY.

AT last I've met with him that wrongeth me.
Ormin leave us alone.

ORMIN.

I will retire me.
Into this thicket secretly to see
What passeth. I doubt there will be a quarrel:
--- aside.

ALMANSOR.

You appear troubled.

ZEGRY.

I've much cause to be so.

ALMANSOR.

What troubles you so much?

ZEGRY.

A wretch, a Traytor,
Whose crime gives me an infinite regret,
And doth deserve more then a single death
To punish it.

ALMANSOR.

May I serve you herein?

ZEGRY.

Yes, I can't finish my revenge without thee.

ALMANSOR.

Zegry, you can dispose of all my blood.

ZEGRY.

It is an offer which I can't refuse.

ALMANSOR.

Who is th'affronter?

ZEGRY.

Thou art extream bold:

Know'st

Know'st thou not, traitor, that it is thy self?

ALMANSOR.

I?

ZEGRY,

Thou; n'er seem to wonder at the thing.
Only defend thy self.

ALMANSOR *embracing him.*

ALMANSOR.

How much am I.
Indebted to thee for this sudden passion,
Tis now the chief point of thy amity:
Thy anger doth oblige me, though it wrõgs me.
I had already in my heart resolu'd
The design of thy death, and justly too:
My arm was ready for it, when inspight
Of all my fury, at thy first approach
My heart grew tender, and had been reduc'd
To balance the fierce darts which I had level'd
Against thee, if thy furious transport
Had not call'd home my choler unto me,
And banished my tendernes.

ZEGRY.

I l hear
No more discourse, once again guard thy self

ALMANSOR.

So fierce a fight can't but be sweet unto me
Honour solicits me more justly to it
Then thee, but let me know at least the cause
That doth provoke thee; I will make it plainly
appear that thou complainest wrongfully,
And justify my self in killing thee.

ZE-

ZEGRY.

How! feignst thou to be ignorant, and instead
Of making a confession, dost thou threaten me?
Thy base crime groweth greater by thy boldnes.

ALMANSOR.

Let me at last know what that base crime is.

ZEGRY.

Consult thy conscience, and thou shalt know it,
It will instruct thee that with a false heart
In recompense of all my kindnes to thee
Thou rob'st me of my Mistresse, and that
Through treacheries which cannot be excus'd,
Thou art to marry her to morrow privately.

ALMANSOR.

If I am criminall, assure thy self,
It is not in this point: I never did
Look on *Fatima* with desires of love;
Only thou mayst reproach my heart for having
Sight for thy Sister without thy consent.

ZEGRY.

How! dost thou love her?

ALMANSOR.

No, no, it would be
An extream errour, I say, I adore her,
I dare not say I love her. That which I
Resent now for her beauties doth surpasse
The thing that's called Love.

ZEGRY.

By this confession,
Dear friend, thou hast restored life unto me.
My griefs and troubles now are waited on

By

By an exceſſe of pleaſure: *Zaida* is
Too happy, and her thoughts could never hope
A more illuſtrious husband: she is free.
The Lover unto whom I gave my word,
Hath ſeen his deſtiny determined
By death, and my repoſe ſhall fully be
Setled to meet a brother in the perſon
Of my moſt deare friend.

ALMANSOR.

What thou offereſt me
Should be moſt dear unto me; but doſt thou
Know him whom thou mak ſt choice of for thy brother?

ZEGRY.

I think, I doe; thy country is *Tremiſa*,
Thy name, *Almanſor*, and thy family
Is noble and illuſtrious; and if I
May believe thee, thy greateſt glory is
To be my friend.

ALMANSOR.

Thou know ſt me but by half ; et;
I was born heer, and born thy enemy,
More then one juſt and honeſt motive doth
Engage me to thy ruine; not to hold thee
Long in ſuſpence, I am *Abencerage*.

ZEGRY.

Abencerage.

ORMIN.

O Heaven! ... *aſide*.

ALMANSOR.

That word doth tell thee.
Our difference, and my duty.

ZEGRY.

I aſwell

Know

Know as thy self the mutuall hatred which
In our two houses seemes almost as twere
To be immortall; but thy blood which now
Thou owest to my succour, should for me
Stop the course of it in thy soul; and though
My friendship seems to stagger on this point,
I will content my self to hate thy name,
And love thy person. Yes, pursue thy love
Vnto my Sister; by a mariage
We may be tied with new knots, and by
That holy flame, the irreligious heat
Of that so old, and fatal enmity,
Will be extinct.

ALMANSOR.

This mariage would be sweet,
But I can't think of it till by thy death
I have reveng'd my selfe upon thee.

ZEGRY.

How!

ALMANLOR.

It is not that which thou believ'st provokes me,
Thy name I hate not, but I hate thy person,
And I cannot but in thy blood repair
The wrong which thou hast done me.

ZEGRY.

I?

ALMANSOR.

Yes, Thou.
How ill thou actest the astonished,
Thy base crime groweth greater by thy boldnes.

ZEGRY.

Let me at last know what that base crime is.

ALMANSOR.

Consult this letter, read, and thou shalt know it.

ZE.

ZEGRY reads.

YOu, from whom I derive my birth,
Know that a sad fate worse than death
Is happed to me; all our name
In my losse bear an equall shame;
The false and cruel Zegry is
The Authour of my miseries,
For he it is that by his charms
Hath taken me out of your arms.

Zelinda.

ORMIN.

Without doubt they will both mistake themselves.

ZEGRY.

I cannot comprehend this dark Ænigma.

ALMANSOR.

It is too plain to me here that my sister
Zelinda giveth us to understand
That thou art her base ravisher.

ZEGRY.

Canst thou
Suspect me of so foule an action?

ALMANSOR.

Canst thou deny it, traitor? and can I
Believe it?

ZEGRY.

Hear me but a word or two.

ALMANSOR.

It would be to no purpose, guard thy self,
I'l hear no more.

ZEGRY.

How! dares the man that owes me
His life, to assault mine?

ALMANSOR.

That obligation
Cannot divert me from my just reveng:
Thou wrongh't'st my safety, and my sisters rape,
And so much as life is lesse dear then honour,
So much an affront which reflects upon it,
Carries it in my soul upon a benefit,
And I am lesse afraid to be ingratefull,
Then to be infamous; but let us leave
Discourse, and come to action.

ZEGRY.

Stay, Ingratefull,
Stay yet a little.

ORMIN.

Help, oh help;

SCENE VI.

And the last.

ADIBAR, ZAIDA, MEDINA, ALABEZ, LINDARACHE, GOMELLA, FATIMA, CHARIFA, ALMANSOR, ZEGRY, ORMIN,

CASUL.

ZAYDA.

WHat noise
Is this I heare?

LINDARACHE.

What rumour is rais'd up?

ADI-

ADIBER.

Hold, hold!

LINDARACHE.

No, no, go on,
My son, finish thy work.

GOMELLA.

Their quarrel, *Adibar*,
Cannot be taken up, therefore let's leave it
To be decided.

ADIBER.

No, such a third person
As I, shall never suffer them to fight,
And to look on.

GOMELLA.

Well then, defend your selfe.
We'l fight all four.

Ormin to *Almanſor*.

ORMIN.

Oh! brother rather lift
Your arm up against me, I'in guilty only;
Zegry is innocent,

LINDARACHE.

Whom do I see?

ORMIN.

you see *Zelinda* your unfortunate Daughter,
Who left your family to follow *Zegry*;
And who in changing fate and habit only,
Could not enforce her soul to the least change:
My heart which was pleaſed in slavery
By him, forgat it self in following.
Somwhat too constantly this fleeting Lover;
But having known him to be taken with
Another Object, I feard in discovering

My self, to draw upon me his contempt,
And would still suffer the same violence,
If his own intereſt brake not my ſilence.

LINDARACHE.

Oh, Daughter!

ALMANSOR.

Oh! my Siſter!

ZEGRY.

Fair *Zelinda*,
Revenge your ſelf, I mourn you, I accuſe
My ſelf, and yeild my boſome to your ſtroak.

ORMIN.

Zegry, You need not to fear anything
From my reſentments, if you pitty me,
I am not to be pittied.

ZEGRY.

I blush
That after ſo much goodnes as you have
Expreſſed to me, I have but one ſoul
Too give you; and if the conſent of your
Parents and friends will be propitious to us,
There's nothing can impede our mariage.

LINDARACHE

This mariage is the chief of all my wiſhes.

ALMANSOR.

Friend, thou canſt make me happy too, thy Siſter
Dependeth on thee, thou know'ſt, I adore her.

ZEGRY.

I offered her nuro thee, a while ſince,
And now I do again with height of joy.

ZAIDA.

All my ſuſpitions are extinguiſhed,
And you muſt know that following my duty,
I follow my deſires; but *Adibar*
Will complain of it.

ADI.

ADIBAR.

Madam, y'are deceiv'd,
When I lose all hope, I lose all my flame:
And to expresse unto you that I do not
Resent it, I will sacrifice my heart
In flames of loue to that fair Saint, for whom
I burned formerly; *Gomella*. may I
Hope your incomparable Daughter?

GOMELLA.

Adibar,
My family is honoured by your choice.
Fatima, take your husband from my hand.

FATIMA.

Such pleasing orders I shall willingly
Obey.

ZEGRY.

Come, let us go unto the *Mosquè*
Together, to give thanks unto the goodnes
Of Heaven that set an end to our misfortunes,
And made appear by this happy successe,
That one may be ingrate, yet generous.

FINIS.

Epilogue
ouer leaf.

EPILOGUE

THe Prologue promis'd something for the Play
Vnder a penalty, I come to pay
What he engag'd for, not to beg applause,
But, if we have transgress'd the Comick lawes,
To suffer punishment; Beauties, to you
First I addresse me for the Poets due;
He seeks but justice from your learned hands,
As you like or dislike he falls or stands:
Smile on the peice, and no man dares to frown,
Your vote sways both the Cavalier and Clown:
Yours are the leading voices, in your looks
We read our fortune better then in books;
Y are pleas'd, for Heaven's displaid in smiles, so the
I need say nothing to you, Gentlemen.

ERRATA.

Page the 8. last Line, for *comet*, read *comes*. Page the 13. Line the 2. for *follow*, read *fellow*. Page the 21 Line the 7. for *unworthly*. read *unworthyly*. Page the 24. Line the 11th, for *querched*, read *quenched*. Page the 29. Line the 8. for *trough* read *through*. Page the 39. Line the 16. for *wit* read *with*. Page the 74 Line the 6. for *she*, read *the*.